

Good Looks.
There are more wrinkles in the face of a baby monkey than there are in that of an old baboon. And speaking of wrinkles, more of them can be wrinkled out in a fair, young face by the use of a certain cream than can be wrangled out of an old person. Constant pain will wrinkle the face, and a neglected skin will wrinkle the face. It is not only wrinkles, but takes the bloom away and gives the skin a dull and yellow look. St. Jacobs Oil is a prompt and sure cure for neuralgia, and it should be used, as while it soothes and cures, it smooths out the tracks of pain and leaves the skin healthy and fair again; besides it aids the sufferer of much torment and restores a happier disposition. Good looks come only with good health, and health is found in the absence of pain.

A French Reform.
At the next meeting of the French Chamber, a Deputy will offer a proposition for the application of the decimal system to the division of time, and the consequent re-arrangement of the present clocks and decimal timepieces. The discovery and the elaboration of the great advantages of the decimal clock now under consideration, and the demonstration thereof by actual working specimens, diagrams and tables, are original with the work of a citizen of Philadelphia. By this system of computation, the day is divided into 10 hours, the hour into 100 minutes, and the minute into 100 seconds, making 1,000 minutes, or 10,000 seconds per day. It provides a standard time for the entire globe. It is proposed to divide the terrestrial globe into 1,000 degrees of longitude, corresponding with the 1,000 minutes of the day, and by grouping them into twenty sections of 50 degrees each, to establish a standard time for the whole world.

A smooth roadway. Perfect passenger service. Uniformity of treatment for the convenience of both first and second-class coach passengers. Quick time. Through Sleeping Car Service between Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston. A Superb Dining Car Service. No change of cars for any class of passenger between Chicago and New York City. Rates lower than via other lines. These are the advantages presented by the Nickel Plate Road.

The owl has no motion in the eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in its socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case; but, in order to compensate for the absence of motion in the eye, the owl is able to turn its head round in almost a circle without moving its body.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865. J. R. Madison, 2409 42nd ave., Chicago, Ill.

As comets near the sun their velocity increases. Newton calculated the velocity of the comet of 1860 to be \$80,000 miles an hour. Brydsonne rated the speed of the comet of 1861 at 100,000 miles an hour, and a half million miles an hour.

LIFE AND HEALTH

Happiness and usefulness, depend upon pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. This is the time to take it. NEBRASKA, because the blood is now loaded with impurities which must be promptly expelled or health will be in danger.

Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price, 25c.

Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?

The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a sign of good health and pleasure. A sound old fellow like to hear the old folks can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer

Is composed of the very ingredients of the system required to rid the digestion, soothe the nerves, and give the blood a temperature drink for temperance.

Made only by J. C. Hires & Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 2 gallons. Sold everywhere.

GET A HOME

For yourself and land is good and cheap. Where there are no lands have been made prosperous. Where there are no lands have been made prosperous.

the climate is perfect and the soil rich. NEBRASKA is a land of opportunity for the farmer who wants to make a farm owner. Send for a free handsome illustrated pamphlet on Nebraska to J. C. Hires & Co., 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS H. W. HILLMAN & CO., Wash. D.C. No charge for advice. Send for free information. Address: H. W. Hillman & Co., Wash. D.C.

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WE ARE ASKING IN THE COURTESY OF THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

J. DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* wrapper.

This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought.

and has the signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

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Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 31 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

How to Root Slips.
Take a shallow dish and fill with sharp sand; wet this very wet, but not so that it will be muddy, or so that the water will stand on the surface. Insert the slips in this sand and never let it get dried out; this is the secret of success—keep the sand wet all the time, and remember that it dries out rapidly. If you want to root a geranium slip choose one that is strong, large, healthy and not woody. Almost anything will root in this wet sand. If you want to root a good many slips, a box or something that could be covered with glass would be best. Fill this partially with sand, and have no drainage; insert the slips and cover with glass, put the box in a sunny window and raise the back end so that the box will be thrown with its entire surface to the sunshine. Slips will root rapidly, and when well rooted they may be transplanted.

If you begin early, you will have plants for summer blooming, and those that have bloomed during the winter may take a rest and have their buds pinched off to fit them for service another winter. It is a fact that a plant will produce more flowers as it grows older. Of course plants may get too old, but I think this is the exception rather than the rule.

Now a word about potting rooted slips; these must be handled with care, and here is where the novice makes a mistake. Do not put a tiny rooted slip or a good sized rooted slip into a big pot, or a very small one; it will not put the plant back to transplant it from time to time, it will do it good; it will make it strong and stocky instead of letting it grow up spindling and weak.

Use drainage always in the bottom of the pot, and for the first potting use rather poor soil, and put sand about the neck of the plant. When the plant is well established and growing well, then transplant it to a pot one size larger, and use as good soil as it may require; if you use the regular flower soil, the potting is an easy matter, as the plant may be taken out with all the dirt about its roots and reset without much trouble.—The Household.

Words Twenty Feet Long.

An instrument was recently exhibited at the Royal Society of Edinburgh by which the vibrations of a word, as produced by a graph cylinder produced by music or speech were multiplied about 1,000 times, so that the form of each vibrator and the number of vibrations for any given sound could be seen. Little waves, each wave being a vibration, were recorded on a long ribbon of paper.

The inventor accomplished this by taking advantage of the principle of Lord Kelvin's siphon recorder. In making an observation the phonograph cylinder was moved about 1,000 times slower than when it gave out the sound and the vibrations occurring in half a second of time were spread along a ribbon of paper twenty feet in length, thus each vibration could be seen.

With regard to human speech, an inspection of one of these curves proves that a word such as "Constantinople," or, indeed any other word, is simply a collection of musical or other sounds running rapidly into each other.

The musical sounds of the vowels predominated, but the so-called consonants were often also musical sounds more or less distinct.

The word above mentioned contained 700 or 800 vibrations, according to the time that it dwelt on each tone. Each vowel had its own pitch. It would be impossible by looking at the traces to read off the word, as two tracings of the same word would rarely be alike, because it was almost impossible to speak a word twice with exactly the same quality of tone and emphasis.

To Preserve the Colors of Flowers.

The natural colors of flowers may be preserved with almost perfect brilliancy after being dried very thoroughly in sand. The Gardener's Monthly, which suggests this simple process for manufacturing artificial flowers, states that the most delicate flowers can be made in this way to look for ever as fresh as when they were freshly gathered. The flower should be placed in a pan or other dish and covered with perfectly clean dry sand. This should be sifted over the flower so as not to break or bruise the petals.

Every chink and cranny should be filled without disturbing the natural position of the leaves. When the pan is full and every crevice has been filled solidly the flowers are allowed to dry for several days. It is often found effective to warm the sand and keep the buried flower in a warm oven. The sand should then be removed, great care being taken not to break or tear the leaves, which will be very brittle.

Remarkable Ears.

Jean Baptiste Verre, a laborer, is mentioned in the French Academy proceedings of 1822 as having ears so long that they projected above the top of his head. They possessed the power of motion, and being the cause of great mortification to him he had them cut down to something near the ordinary size of human ears and concealed the stumps beneath his long hair.

By Shady Streams.

The oleander was originally a native of India, but now grows wild in the south of Europe, by shady streams and in damp places. In this country it is generally required to be kept in a pot-house. The flowers are large and of a bright red, but the bark is poisonous, and is used in some parts of the world for destroying rats and mice.

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THE BROTHER OF A GENTLEMAN.

HE saw her coming along the street, and he paused, hoping she would care to stop and speak to him. She always bowed and smiled, or said a word or two, and he lived on the memory of it until he met her again. That, usually, soon happened, for in a little town of 500 inhabitants the said inhabitants are liable to meet often.

She was a sweet girl, a pretty girl, every one thought, but these mild terms did not half express Ernest Wilson's opinion of Ruth Adams. She was a perfect woman in the highest and purest sense of the word, and to a man who looked upon all women as being far superior to men, this meant a great deal. That was what he thought of her. She did not think of him at all, except when she happened to see him, and then he reminded her of his brother Will.

Ruth was engaged to Will. She had been for two years. He had been by far the handsomest man in town, and she was the prettiest girl, and he had been proud of her. That was before he went to the city. Now he thought there were girls galore better looking than Ruth, but he said nothing of the kind to her, for it was pleasant to have some one to make love to when he was obliged to go to the country sometimes, for Papa Wilson had a full pocketbook, and Will had not.

So, in the soft light of an afternoon sun, Ernest Wilson stood and waited for Ruth to pass, and, watching her as she approached him, he thought a little weariness of the injustice of fate. Not that he imagined for a moment that he deserved such a woman as did his handsome brother, who was a "gentleman," only he would have loved Ruth tenderly, being very thoughtful of her, very kind to her, if she could have cared for him—and Will was so careless.

Ruth did not pass this time; she paused and looked up into his good, honest face, and then said, a little timidly: "Ernest, have you heard from Will lately?"

"No," he said, kindly. There was a letter in his pocket from Will, received a few moments before, speaking of hard times and asking for the loan of a few dollars. "No, not lately; he is busy, you know, Ruth; you must not think anything of not hearing from him—he does not like to hear from me."

"Are you going home?" he asked.

"I will walk with you, Ruth. Are you worrying about it? If you are, then—"

"No."

"You are one of the people, Ernest, that no one would ever think of deceiving. I am unhappy and I am lonely. It is not pleasant for a girl of spirit to hear of the things people are beginning to say. At the same time, I know it is only carelessness on Will's part. He has given me his word. There is no one who can say otherwise than that Will is a good man, and a gentleman keeps his word."

"If he does not," he said, and in his voice there was that she had never heard before, "in a case like this I would scorn him, if he were a thousand times my brother!"

"And you would not give him his promise to me against his will, would you?" she asked, and he looked at her proudly. "Never that. If he has changed toward me, then he owes it to himself and me to—"

"To be a man—not a gentleman," he said, savagely.

"He is not," she said. But her lip quivered. They were at the gate by this time, and he opened it and waited for her to pass. Instead, she stood and looked at him.

"Ernest," she said, "tell me just what you think."

"What I think is this—that no man, and I make no exceptions whatever, would possibly throw away the chance of winning you if he were in his right senses. If a man is not in his right senses he is deserving of our pity, not our blame. I wish you good evening."

And he left her looking after him like one bewildered.

It may have been a letter she wrote to Will that night, or it may have been one that Ernest wrote, refusing the loan, but for some reason Will came home a few days later. He had learned a new way to carry his cane, and his bow was more profound than ever, but his accomplishments seemed to have small effect upon her, and his brother, as for Ruth—well, it may have been that he had grown tired of giving admiration, love and everything, and receiving in return a kind of indifferent attention. When a woman begins to draw comparisons between her sweetest and other men, things are not as they should be, for love knows no comparisons. She did think, and often, of the way Ernest had spoken to her, and of the manner in which Will talked, as if she were the one favored in life as love affairs.

And yet to her Ernest was nothing in the world but Will's brother. Will, Ernest thought of it seriously, he has never been anything to any one but Will's brother. He had been so unassuming, and cared so little for appearances, and Will had cared so much. Ernest was an excellent business man; he did the thinking, Will did the talking. Will used all of his ideas as if they were his own and transacted business for his father in an easy, off-hand way, forgetting to mention that Ernest had spent hours of thought and study before the line of action had been decided upon. It had been the same when they were children. Ernest read a book carefully; Will read a criticism on it, combined it with Ernest's opinion and carried on brilliant conversations upon it with other people, impressing all with his remarkable mind, while Ernest sat by and said nothing.

"I am not good enough for Ruth," he said to himself. "I do not know any one who is; and I would not for the world make her think less of Will. If I thought he loved her or would make

her happy; but he would not; so I in tend to let her see how superficial I am, how vain, and what a shallow man he is."

When Ernest Wilson made a resolution it was as good as accomplished, but this was the most difficult undertaking of his life; for he intended not only to prove to Ruth that she was wasting her affections upon a man who cared nothing for her, but to teach his little world to speak of him as Ernest Wilson, not as any man's brother.

He was so accustomed to sit by himself when questions were discussed, knowing all the time that he had more knowledge of the subject than those who were talking, that it produced a surprise that amounted almost to a sensation when he first began to express his opinion in a modest way.

It was very hard for him, as he was not only a modest man, but a timid one as well, and had been long in the background for two years. He had been by far the handsomest man in town, and she was the prettiest girl, and he had been proud of her. That was before he went to the city. Now he thought there were girls galore better looking than Ruth, but he said nothing of the kind to her, for it was pleasant to have some one to make love to when he was obliged to go to the country sometimes, for Papa Wilson had a full pocketbook, and Will had not.

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